

Vol. 1, No. 3

FEBRUARY 23, 1949

Distributed in University Buildings

COMMITTEE INVESTIGATING PASS COMPLEXES

Pass Students Recommend Stiffening, Minor Changes But Like 3 Year Course

Opinion of Pass Arts students on what should or shouldn't be done about their course seems to be fairly unanimous.

An informal survey indicated that most students felt that their course needed changes. None felt that it should be extended to four years. Reasons for choosing the Pass course rather than an Honor course varied. Some students were marking time while they waited to go into the provided faculties of Medicine or Dentistry.

Many preferred it because of its general nature, which gives a wide education as well as providing time for relaxation.

Others planned to go on into such fields as Social Work and Law after winning a Pass B.A.

Suggested changes were, generally, an overall stiffening of standards, a more integrated selection of subjects, and, in some cases, provision of a few more courses.

St. Lawrence in late January. By Margaret Mowat, first year, felt that the course was satisfactory. "I didn't know what I wanted to go into last fall, and the Pass course was the best thing for me. I plan to transfer to an Honor course next year."

S. F. Phillips, also a first year student, remarked that the course was a "waste easy." "Easier than taking fifth form in one year." He plans to go into Dentistry as soon as possible, but thinks the wait is beneficial in terms of acquiring a general education.

Shirley Tabb, second year, whose courses include calculus and actuarial science, said that a pass course in accounting would be a useful addition. She entered Pass instead of C or B because of its three-year length.

Ronald Booth, third year, thought that while the Honor courses include too much to allow for anything being done thoroughly, the Pass course was at the other extreme and should be made fuller. "Of course," he added, "the size of the classes spoils the whole system, but at present that's probably impossible to avoid."

Said Ken Dunsmore, another third year student, "You get as much out of Pass as you put into it." He chose Pass because he wanted to see how slowly when he came out of the Air Force, and avoid "biting off more than he could chew." His reason for not transferring to an Honor course is that right up until third year he did not feel ready to specialize. He may go on to law.

TEMPORARY OBITUARY

This week, amid a whirl of publicity, the New Tely hit the streets.

This week, to the sound of muted trumpets, The Reporter's readers will part with a friend.

Watch for The New Reporter next fall—printed on royal blue newspaper. (Nothing pink about it).

Free hallions will be handed out with each copy of the first issue.

More Than "Truisms" In Minister's Speech Is Universal Opinion

But Liberal Club Feels De- bate Too Public—Closed Meeting Held

Students of the Varsity campus got another jolt last week when a newsletter intended for all members of the Liberal Association they read that their government ministers spoke nothing but truisms.

"A Minister in a position such as that of Mr. Pearson," it stated, "can rarely say anything but truisms at an open meeting where the press is present."

To those who had expected Lester B. Pearson, Secretary of State for External Affairs, to clear up the Government's foreign policy at the Hart House debate one week ago, this statement came as a surprise.

To those who heard the debate, and Mr. Pearson, this statement caused some confusion.

Fighting Words

In his speech, Minister Pearson gave what appeared to observers to be a direct and purely argument argument against the resolution that in foreign affairs Canada has become "a satellite state."

As an example of the real nature of a "satellite state," he told the story of the Polish delegate to the United Nations who moved an amendment. Before it was voted on, the Government's independent was given the high sign from the Soviet sector of the conference table—and voted against its own amendment.

Did he "rush down to Washington to get his orders," as charged by House Leader Stuekel? "One can't have a 'rush' to Washington, and then it was to tell them we couldn't support their stand."

The Liberal newsletter went on to say: "However, at a closed meeting attended only by Liberals, it is possible that a better insight into the Government's foreign policy may be obtained."

It is probable that Mr. Pearson had not read this letter. "The obstructionist attitude of the USSR has caused the breakdown of the Security Council. Our good will towards Russia is overabundant. In 1945, in '46 it had waned slightly," he said.

At present, Canada was almost diametrically opposed to Russia. "The 'peaceful cooperation' policy of the USSR under their terms." The USSR urged made concessions to others.

He urged the newsletter's strange attack on Mr. Pearson's political integrity. The Reporter got a confusing story from David Stanley, president of the U of T Liberal Association and writer of the letter.

(Continued on Page 8)

Fees Reduction An Impossibility Porter Stresses

First Things Come First—Up Secondary Education Grants By Fifty Percent

Hon. Dana Porter, Minister of Education, last week emphasized that it would not be possible for his department to take any steps to increase the University of Toronto grant this session.

The Ontario Government, he told The Reporter, had made vast commitments for school grants, highways, welfare, and each of the other departments.

Provincial grants are also received by Western, Queen's, McMaster and Ottawa Universities and Carleton College. There had been no agitation over fees at these universities.

At the University of Toronto, it was learned, the average 1948-49 average fee for the first year of the English Speaking Union of Canada.

This will be an annual award, to be used to send a two-month delving team to an American university. The speaker of the English Speaking Union.

On March 25, President Sidney Smith, on behalf of the University of Toronto, will accept an award of \$100 from F. E. Robson, president of the English Speaking Union of Canada.

The English and American headquarters annually sponsor an exchange of over 200 schoolboys, teachers and lecturers, as well as scholarships for British graduate students studying in the U.S. Something quite new is a mutual ex-

(Continued on Page 8)

No Changes in Course For A Year "At least Emphasizes McInnis

A committee appointed by the Faculty Council of Arts has been working for the past two years on a report recommending changes in the Pass Course. The report has now been completed and submitted to the Council.

UT To Accept Donation For Debates Team

On March 25, President Sidney Smith, on behalf of the University of Toronto, will accept an award of \$100 from F. E. Robson, president of the English Speaking Union of Canada.

This will be an annual award, to be used to send a two-month delving team to an American university. The speaker of the English Speaking Union.

On March 25, President Sidney Smith, on behalf of the University of Toronto, will accept an award of \$100 from F. E. Robson, president of the English Speaking Union of Canada.

The English and American headquarters annually sponsor an exchange of over 200 schoolboys, teachers and lecturers, as well as scholarships for British graduate students studying in the U.S. Something quite new is a mutual ex-

(Continued on Page 8)

If approved by the Council, it will then be sent on to the Senate for consideration. The finished report contains an analysis of present conditions here and at other universities, and recommendations based on these findings.

Professor E. W. McInnis, chairman of the committee, stated that no changes will be introduced for year at least.

"I consider it an excellent report, in both its form and substance," said Professor C. B. Sissons of the Faculty Council of Arts. "In my 10 years on the Council it is one of the best I've known. There are items with which I don't agree, but on the whole it's excellent."

Specific recommendations of the committee are shrouded in secrecy. They will not be made public until the report has been passed by the Senate, when general discussion will be invited.

As one of the bases of its deliberations, the committee called upon the opinions and suggestions of Pass course graduates.

Dean Claude T. Bissell pointed out that the investigation is the result of a general trend in both Canada and the United States. At Harvard, for instance, an investigation into the foundation of liberal education was begun six years ago.

The President's Report for last year went on to say: "What the non-honor course needs, then, is a re-shaping and strengthening that will give it a recognizable identity and make it comparable to any of the honor courses as an instrument of liberal education."

The committee is concerned, then, not merely with the local problem of academic administration, but with a wider problem that involves the answer to the question: "What is the nature and function of a program of general education? General education need not be inferior to specialized education."

With one out of three Arts students enrolled in the Pass course, officials feel that its future is important. Pass seems to hold an inferior position in the eyes of the students, yet every year hundreds graduate.

A change which is certain to be made is a rechristening of the course.

Ottawa-Style?

Parties Make Mock House Parliamentary Mockery

Speaker of the House Meyer Bledsoe had doffed his black robe and left the House after just one hour of proceedings would enough to provide any speaker with a week's nightmares.

While the CCF Government was being defeated on its second bill to nationalize the power industry in Ontario, First oil, Liberal President Stanley argued vehemently that this procedure was invalid. The bill was not even given a first reading.

With great difficulty in a "he's up—he's down" argument, Stanley, Brody, managed to have the bill to first reading. "No amendment can be put to any reading," Brody claimed.

Stanley shot up. He repeated that the bill was not valid. He was again overruled.

Hot under the collar, he challenged the ruling. Speaker Brody, in tones of mild fury, threatened to name him. The furor subsided.

The bill on education was moved by the government for second reading. With a gleam in his eye, Bill Dawson of the Opposition interrupted.

"Mr. Speaker, According to standing order 72 of House of Commons procedure, a bill must be printed in both French and English."

At a Mock Parliament last year this same point had been used to an avail. Speaker Brody made a desperate effort to switch the debate back to second reading. "That is clever, facetious, and out of order," he rumbled.

He popped Stanley, flourishing

Beauchesne. With a smile of satisfaction he replied: "Mr. Speaker, standing order 72 of House of Commons procedure requires that each reading must be printed in both French and English."

(Continued on Page 8)

THE REPORTER

Published by the Student Publishing Company, a non-profit organization of students of the University of Toronto.

Editor: V. L. Naim

Editorial Staff: Peter Wilkes, Hugh Shaw, Harriet Ezra, Arthur Davies

Advertising Manager: Gordon Swift

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 23, 1949

LIBERAL AIRLIFT

Readers of the Globe and Mail must have experienced a thrill of pride recently when they encountered the headline: "Canadians Beat Threat to Airlift." They probably finished reading the article with mixed feelings of perplexity and disgust however, for the "threat" transpired to be nothing more than "over-loaded landing strips"; and Canada's contribution, a "new, economical airport design." This is deplorable rubbish.

It is fortunate indeed that the governments of Australia and South Africa have not been content to restrict their contribution to the drawing board.

Canadians are not alone in asking why their Air Force is not being permitted to take part in this vital operation.

The excuses advanced by the government would not deceive an Eskimo. It is stated that Canada has not been asked to participate. This is perfectly understandable, since the United Kingdom does not wish to embarrass either herself or Canada with a possible refusal which would, moreover, provide Russia with ample ammunition for a renewed propaganda offensive. It is further said that Canada is "mediating" in the Berlin dispute, and as such must remain "neutral," yet she gleefully supports the belligerent and far-reaching North Atlantic Pact. This seems to be a grotesque form of "neutrality."

If it is true that Canada is mediating, then the conspicuous failure of her efforts in this field demand that she withdraw and let some other country take over at the conference table—preferably a country without an Air Force.

COUNTING THE COST

The University of Toronto is the largest university in the British Empire, terms of enrollment. It seems to consider this

as a source of pride, for though at one time it was only just qualified for the honor by including children taking music lessons at the Conservatory.

Is this really a matter of pride? What does the University gain by having 16,000 students, ranging from Occupational Therapy and Institutional Management through to Dentistry and Engineering herded together?

The gains, generally, follow along the lines of the economy effected by mass production. A professor can lecture to more than one faculty, and it is argued that if fewer professors are needed the very best can be provided. Meanwhile, would-be professors go to the United States with its myriad small colleges to get a chance at their profession.

Economy in building is a smaller point. But the fact that most Arts subjects have become "university subjects" has resulted in classes of as many as 300, where little more can be done than "expose the student to education."

Perhaps it is considered that inclusion in the University causes a little philosophy to rub off on the students of the more professional faculties as they pass through. It is to be questioned, however, that engineers derive much more than entertainment from their contact with the faculty of arts.

As Toronto University strays farther and farther from the university tradition, one wonders if McMaster didn't have the right idea when it moved to Hamilton.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

E. B. Joffe told a downtown newspaper that he intended to drag the Hydro issue into the House. It seems a shame that he has not been able to get the co-operation of Mother Nature in the timing of his complaint.

The story goes that Mr. Winston Churchill, speaking of the recent bribery case in Britain, commented: "What a pity! If poor Clem Attlee had been alive this never would have happened!"

A first year Trotskyite at the Student Peace Council condemned the United Nations Organization as useless in pre-UNO, and you have the SFC and Trotskyites left. Looks hopeless, doesn't it?

Croft Chapter House used to be a chemistry lab, and the roof was specially built to allow fumes to escape. An arrangement which is probably still useful.

Associated Press dispatches from Cleveland tell of a reporter and two editors of The Cleveland Press who faked a divorce case, impersonated a lawyer and got a man and a woman a very real divorce through a Cleveland court. The fact that the man and woman were not married apparently didn't enter into it.

This brings to mind another escapade right here in Toronto undertaken by a Toronto newspaperman that proved to be a very real exposure of the Provincial Civil Service.

For the benefit of the newspaperman's family (the reporter himself is now dead) his name will be withheld from this story. The individual was a Rhodes scholar, graduating from Oxford in the late twenties. He was employed by many Canadian papers, was a brilliant writer and a notorious drunk—all at once.

In the year 1936, this fellow was at the reception given by the Ontario Labor League, having been fired with a score of others from the labor-loving Toronto Star (which in those days seemed to love everybody's labor but its own).

The newspaperman, was extremely familiar with Provincial law and the Provincial Civil Service which was supposed to enforce it. So familiar was he with these things that at one time he undertook—the story goes—to become a Provincial Sanitary Inspector simply by arranging for

a Provincial Civil Servant to appoint him.

The next step was to check through Ontario statutes until he found a very dusty law. The law required that country schools have a particular type of out house. Ninety per cent of the country schools in Ontario had never heard of this law and the other ten per cent had complied with it only by accident.

His next step was to find a small lumber goods dealer who could build the necessary outhouses. He arranged with the dealer to sell them at a twenty per cent commission. This the dealer readily accepted.

Out into the country went the newspaperman. To one board of trustees after another he would explain that they might not know it but they were breaking the law. Out would come the Act. "You see here, Mr. Trustee," our hero would explain, "You have been violating Section Such and Such, Sub-Section Such and Such of Such and Such an Act for thirty-five years now. As a Provincial health inspector, the reporter was able to threaten action against the Board of Trustees of that township, and that is exactly what he did.

Nine times out of ten, the shocked board would want to take immediate steps to right the wrong. "But where," they would ask, "can we get these backhouses?" "I'm sorry," the reply would be, "I can't help you. My job is to see

that you get them, not where you get them."

"But," a particularly stubborn trustee would invariably protest, "this law is impossible to comply with."

"Well," the newspaperman would say, "I do know where you could get these things, but I certainly shouldn't tell you this."

After he had been coaxed long enough, he would finally consent to let them have the name of the lumbering firm. The Board would buy one or two dozen new out-houses and our hero would collect the commission.

In Queen's Park it looked this way. For 35 years no school in the country had complied with this law, but now, out of a clear sky, hundreds of orders are sent to the Department of Education that new outhouses have been purchased. The occasional protest would arise, condemning the Department for not keeping School trustees fully informed on Provincial law. All in all, the newspaperman is said to have sold approximately \$35,000 worth of outhouses to Ontario schools over a period of approximately six years, and secured twenty per cent commission. When finally caught, he could do nothing but plead that as a Provincial sanitary inspector he was merely carrying out his duty.

In World War II, this particular reporter was killed behind the lines in Germany. He was an agent of British War Intelligence. No wonder we won the war.

THE MOCK TRIAL

By Rev. Charles Lanphier
(Adapted from a Radio Address)

So, about Cardinal Mindszenty, the so-called traitor has

been seen by Catholics and Protestant religious leaders all over the world, and by many other prominent men of different nations. I

would like to add a little more to the story of the man, priest, and Prince of the Church who has been so fittingly described the embodiment of Christian heroism. Of the many sources of information, I think none struck me with greater force and impressiveness than the sermon delivered February 6 before a huge crowd in St. Patrick's Cathedral by Francis Cardinal Spellman.

That sermon, and the statement underscored in fiery words and profoundly impressive language, is as applicable to every Canadian as it is to every person in the United States. The Cardinal, in plain simple language that everyone could understand, pointed a horrible picture of what is happening and what will happen. Every single man, woman and child in our nation must face up to it. There is no time now for blindness, ignorance about what confronts us, or wishful thinking.

"There is no use to try to save Cardinal Mindszenty's life, for from the very hour he was taken away from his home, his flock, his aged mother, Cardinal Mindszenty became the victim of tortures and druggings that put him beyond

reach or realm of human help. It was he himself who said to me

when he was my honored guest less than two years ago, 'My enemies are no less to me now than they were when I was a young man, and that has already been given to God.'"

"It is the spiritual Cardinal Mindszenty in his martyrdom mind and body that we can fortify by our prayers, that in the soul he may know that in another part of the world other men are holding high God's torch of justice for Hungary's anguished peoples and the enslaved people of every land."

"While a whole world waged war and tragically talked of peace, I witnessed the suffering of men in a world trapped by the fear, famine and madness called Communism. It was then I resolved to try to pour into the mind of every American a sense of great gratitude to God for our freedom, our liberties, our opportunities, and instill within those minds the realization of the imminent dangers of atheistic Communism to America."

"You have all seen pictures of Cardinal Mindszenty in the newspapers at his mock trial in his own country. And all of you have seen pictures of Cardinal Mindszenty who he sat kindly, willingly for his picture in America. Can you fail to see here a man tortured and dragged— even though the Communist press dares to print that he 'denies

denies?" The Communists believe that the American public is still easy to fool, willing to be drugged into believing whatever leaves them in their own comforts, their own freedom."

So spoke Cardinal Spellman. In Ottawa at the Marian Congress

two years ago, Cardinal Mindszenty was the focus of all eyes. We wondered how he got out of Hungary to come to Canada. We wondered how he was going back, for everyone knew and sensed that if he did, it was to certain martyrdom. We need not have wondered, for he had long ago determined that he was going to live, and if need be, die, for, with and among his people. He went back.

Cardinal Mindszenty, like Archbishop Stepinac, will go down in history as a martyr. Of that there is no doubt.

For 93 Years
BURNS COAL
BURNS BEST
P. BURNS CO., LIMITED
52 ADELAIDE W. ON. 0131

\$50 REWARD
For any which we cannot read and cannot find
1 DAY SERVICE
YEAR GUARANTEE
Present Attention to Mail Orders
CITY WATCH CLINIC
95 Dundas E. (near Church) Toronto

STUDENTS
(Special Rates)
Help your Studies
By
Renting a Typewriter
From
Thomas & Corney
Typewriters Limited
88 Adelaide St. West
(88 Steps from Bay St.)

Until Next Fall

This is The Reporter's farewell issue—for this year. Next fall it will be back on the camps, headlines shouting louder than ever. And it will stay all year.

Why bow out after only three issues? There are two main reasons. First, it's no joke building up a staff half way through a year. We have found by bitter experience that 99 percent of the eligible students either are serving on the executive of half a dozen clubs, or are getting in horror at a mountainous pile of undone essays.

Second, building up advertising

is no joke either. This also we know from bitter experience.

It has been pointed out rather rudely that there is an appreciable difference between The Reporter's advertising revenues and its expenditures. Naturally, surely that is an inevitable occurrence with a new paper.

The first issues must lose money, but after that a little time can help the situation tremendously. We choose to take the loss for the first few issues, frankly, we have no money to lose.

We may not have been liked, but we do think we'll be liked. In any case, we guarantee that the first issue next fall will log the weakest memory.

Low Grad Tops Odds Wins "Cin" Case

Osgoode Students Aid Frat Brother

Three weeks ago Lawyer George Ferguson, recent Osgoode graduate, won a spectacular murder case labelled impossible by most observers.

It had looked like a lead pipe cinch for the Crown. Vincent St. Lawrence had murdered George "Cowboy" Parker, at the Woodbine Racetrack early in the fall and that was that.

Hidly St. Lawrence been seen by a witness running from Parker's body shortly after the time given for the murder? Wasn't money of value equal to that stolen from Parker's billfold found in the wind-breaker of a third party? Wasn't the money given to him by St. Lawrence only a few hours after the murder? Part of the money was in American dollars, and Parker had been known to have American bills in his possession.

To make matters worse, it was under the direction of St. Lawrence that police found the empty billfold and the murder weapon behind a nearby stable.

Ever since his early days at Law School, George Ferguson, like many students, had been determined to practice on his own. As he said in a recent interview, "I can't all very well to have the security of a salary, but I like my own end in my own office."

Finishing his training at Osgoode early in the spring, Ferguson waited only until September before nailing his shingle on the door of a downtown office.

From there he worked on jobs about which through Don Jolliffe's lists, while working on civil cases to keep the wolf from the door. But he was particularly interested in criminal law.

He stepped into the Crown's St. Lawrence in late January. By then the accused St. Lawrence had been rotting in jail for three months. His case looked hopeless, but Ferguson wanted to fight.

He grabbed the Crown's evidence; examined it and analysed it; picked it apart and found an opening.

With the eager assistance of Osgoode Students Aid, Mitchell, and Kilgore he set up his case. He couldn't see considerable guilt. (Continued on Page 8)

Dramatic Dart Players

The Three Plagues Of O.T.: Vandals, Carabins, Revue

What did the cast of the All-Varsity Revue do for relaxation at rehearsals? They played darts.

This is the surmise of Miss D. Miner, Secretary in University Ex-

tension, as she thinks of the state of the blackboard in the room used by the Revue cast.

They seem to have thrown pencils as a circle drawn on it is in chalk. There was a big hole going out of the centre of it," she told The Reporter.

Talking into consideration the slender profit of the Revue, the Department of University Extension decided not to press for damages. The SAC, however, has decided that it is morally and financially responsible.

The blackboard incident was not the only one that disturbed the Extension authorities. Miss Milner said that the building of unscheduled rehearsals during the day was more unnerving. Pounding on the piano disturbed students at lectures in evening classes and a summer re-qualification of the office telephone was more than slightly inconvenient for the staff.

The Secretary thought that this experience might give possibly have been a factor contributing to the Capt decision to ban student meetings during lecture hours.

"We're only too glad to allow use of the buildings—but there are limits," she said.

The Revue seemed to have been a more trouble in the calendar of the OT Huts. Just before Christmas they were broken into, by person or persons unknown, and windows and lock room and a summer re-qualification of the office telephone was more than slightly inconvenient for the staff.

Then a party for the Carabins was held there. They seem to have had a regular free-for-all," remarked Miss Milner.

She pointed out that in view of this series of events, the official decision that a caretaker must be present was an understandable one. The huts seemed to need a caretaker.

I'll Walk Alone —Eat Alone Too

"No no no no!" exclaimed UC's Dean of Women, announcing the ban on the unhappy Whitney Hall. "I know you know that slacks aren't allowed in the Women's Union."

"But I'm playing basketball on Saturday and I've just come from twelve o'clock lecture," protested the abashed athlete. "Isn't it right to wear slacks if you're playing a game?"

"You know you're playing a game!" rejoined Dean Ferguson, "but do the hundred other girls here know?"

There was no answer for that one. Result of the incident, which took place two weeks ago at the University of Toronto College of Arts, hockey player, slacks and lunch tray were banished to Miss Ferguson's sitting room upstairs.

Ajax Coeds Approve Skule —Skulemen Are Human

Some years ago, when Ajax was still a puny one of the female members of that fraternity was heard lamenting that, as she put it, "Here we are surrounded by 1500 men and completely ignored!"

A slight improvement, Violet Gardiner, one of the seven girls in residence at Ajax this year, explained the situation. "The first few days everyone seemed to be a bit snooty. I feel like a piece of furniture."

In the good old days when grandmother was testing the bending moment, the first bow after a LPP meant a large ported palm or something equally harmless, there was very little problem in educating women for the professions. Educated women were unfashionable and that was that.

Times have changed. In the atomic age, the old professions and the public are gradually becoming re-oriented. People are getting used to the idea that this is a woman's world as well as a man's world.

"The majority of the engineers accept us and only a few of them really think engineering is a man's course," declared Alice Strand, expressing the feelings of the female students. If a girl happens to be interested in some aspect of engineer-

Balfour All For Grant Most Profs Upright Need Not Be Probed

Toronto University professors appear to be safe from investigation, for the time being at least.

Two weeks ago, the prospect must have loomed grim and threatening. Controller David Balfour had said that the cost of the city's grant of \$20,000 to the University's building fund would ask for an investigation to ensure that the funds were being used for the proper department of law.

But later the crusading Controller corrected the remark, which was quoted in Toronto daily papers. In an interview he said that at least 50 percent of his meaning had been misconstrued.

He wished to cast no slur on the students, but to bless our students. I think that our students compare favourably with those of any time or place," he exclaimed.

He added that he has a son at the University himself.

The students, moreover, had proved their fine quality by their helpfulness in the victory celebration following the last Western football game.

Mr. Balfour wished to cast no slur on the students, but to bless our students. I think that our students compare favourably with those of any time or place," he exclaimed.

The "bad press" which professors are apt to possess did give him pause; it was possible that they might not "be careful enough in making their statements and get in accord with our Canadian way of life."

The Controller had "the greatest respect" for the Board of Governors of Toronto University, and the President was "one of the finest types of men you'd find anywhere."

Mr. Balfour emphasized the worthlessness of the cause in the city's grant, while disclaiming complete credit for it. "It is after all, our university," he said, and "it is true that the city's name was connected with it."

In short, it looked as though the broadminded professors could relax, and the city's name was connected with it.

ing a game?"

"You know you're playing a game!" rejoined Dean Ferguson, "but do the hundred other girls here know?"

There was no answer for that one. Result of the incident, which took place two weeks ago at the University of Toronto College of Arts, hockey player, slacks and lunch tray were banished to Miss Ferguson's sitting room upstairs.

Opposition Calls The Tune House Wakes Up To Dance

Ottawa, Feb. 21: Staff—There have been at least two topics of conversation around Parliament Hill which have had, and will continue to have wide ramifications in Canada's political future. The first of these was the unprecedented victory of the Progressive Conservatives in the Quebec seat of Nicolet-Yamaska, and the second was the surprise motion of the Progressive Conservatives on the Address to bring Newfoundland into the Confederation.

The Nicolet-Yamaska victory was unexpected in the House. It is true that the Progressive Conservatives had been saying that they would win the seat, but they usually said the same in every by-election which they contested. The Liberals said they would win it.

Some of the Liberals, including Postmaster-General Bertrand, even went further out on a limb. Speaking in Nicolet on the day before the election, Bertrand is reported to have stated to a meeting that if the riding went to the Conservatives, the contest could then be compared to the Drummond-Atkins contest in 1910 when a newsmonger defeated a Liberal cabinet minister and started the Quebec swing in the Liberals. This remark in the House led to a general election of 1911, and made Sir Robert Borden the Conservative Prime Minister of Canada.

Bertrand has since then been taking a round of ribbing from the rest of the Cabinet, and it is rumored that he may be taken out of active political consideration because of it. Transport Minister Chretien, who also is getting a fair share of

Neglected Humorists

Government With A Bounce Sac Dilutes Form With Fun

Portraits of medical gags started over the heads of the twenty members of the SAC Council at 108 square feet of polished table.

While a Torontoensis photographer prowled about the Medical Board Room two weeks ago, the SAC settled down to consideration and discussion of weighty matters vitally affecting every student of Toronto University.

First question: Why isn't there a crest for the University of Montreal in Hart House? Varsity has been pulling down a few new ones like U of M it was "a sheer impossibility."

When Music-Representative Gordon Leavelle moved a resolution, for taking the action of the Capt in forbidding extra-curricular use of university buildings during lecture hours, it came into a bit of grammatical difficulty.

Exclaimed President Gwynne-Timothy, "There's a split infinitive there!"

"Not at all, Mr. Chairman—it's a split particle."

Among the correspondence read at the meeting by fuchsia-clad Miss Fierkes, Associate Secretary, was a letter from President Smith congratulating the SAC on its "wise deliberations." Queried Forestry's George Wilkes: "What's all that for?"

"All that" was for the SAC's adroit handling of the fees question. Passed with little discussion was the motion which was for from being the least important of the evening.

Also read was the motion which was for from being the least important of the evening.

Also read was the motion which was for from being the least important of the evening.

Also read was the motion which was for from being the least important of the evening.

Also read was the motion which was for from being the least important of the evening.

Also read was the motion which was for from being the least important of the evening.

Also read was the motion which was for from being the least important of the evening.

Also read was the motion which was for from being the least important of the evening.

Also read was the motion which was for from being the least important of the evening.

Also read was the motion which was for from being the least important of the evening.

Also read was the motion which was for from being the least important of the evening.

Also read was the motion which was for from being the least important of the evening.

Also read was the motion which was for from being the least important of the evening.

Also read was the motion which was for from being the least important of the evening.

Also read was the motion which was for from being the least important of the evening.

Braving leers and whistles, Drum Major Joe Den has put in three years of varsity at Varsity. The SAC unanimously voted \$1000 to have a haton engraved for presentation.

Recently, Publications Commissioner M. L. Bunker reported that officials at the Medical Building were extremely unfavorably impressed by a small incident which took place in connection with the Chariot Race. A fire hose had been pulled down by a exuberant student who seemed to be under the impression that the building could do with a dousing.

This was not a matter to be regarded lightly, and the authorities, somewhat unreasonably, to the SAC's mind, placed the blame square on the Varsity as having publicized the Race. The SAC rallied to the support of Indignant Ed Harrison.

Joe Potts, men's representative from University College, managed to have a discussion with Potts felt that the cast of the All-Varsity Revue stood in desperate need of a two hundred dollar party. Potts seemed to be strongly about the matter.

Moreover, the morale of the cast needed raising.

Quipped Dave Holmes of OCE "If the morale of the Revue cast were to be raised, it needn't need \$200. I'll provide them with free tickets for next year's Phys. Ed. show."

Mr. Potts' unfortunate absence, the insult went unavenged. Also due to Mr. Potts' absence, the motion was not granted.

Mr. Potts by now is not unused to insults. At one SAC meeting, Debates Commissioner Pat Cole mis-stated a debate resolution as "that this house upholds the program and platitudes of the Liberal Party."

Anyone who reads The Varsity (and that, of course, means every one who can read) is aware of the constructive work of the SAC. Not so apparent is the fact that the Council meetings provide a good chance for the frustrated or not-so-frustrated humorists among the members.

can, and no doubt will, trumpet high and long during the campaign that will see their new leader, they have won every by-election which they have contested since he took over the leadership of the Federal Party.

Another P. C. taking-point, at least in Quebec, will be the surprise motion made by Mr. Drew's woe. Desires that this house upholds the program and platitudes of the Liberal Party."

Another fact emerges from Nicolet-Yamaska: this was probably the first time that a Liberal has resigned in a "safe" seat so that it can be won to bolster the morale of the government.

There already is a vacancy in the Alberta riding of Wetaskiwin, but neither the Liberals nor the Progressives will have a chance there, so it is doubtful if the government will hold a by-election and risk another split in the ranks prior to a general election.

Therefore, the odds are good that Nicolet-Yamaska was the last by-election before the whole country goes to the polls.

This is decidedly in George Drew's favour, as the Conservatives

(Continued on Page 8)

Which Way Success?

Three Roads Lead To Law
A Lawyer Points The Way

A law course followed by Osgoode, an honor arts course followed by Osgoode, or just Osgoode? Which course makes the best lawyer?

In an interview last week Mr. F. Cawthorne, noted Toronto barrister, expressed the opinion that although training is important, the inherent ability of the individual is the basic cause for success or failure.

Generally speaking, an honor law course provided the best foundation for a future lawyer. However at present the most promising field—the one offering most opportunities—was taxation. For such work, graduates of Commerce and Finance would be best fitted.

Mr. Cawthorne expressed his own preference for graduates in Philosophy and English. It seemed that although an honor law course provided the best general foundation, the honor arts graduate might find his course most helpful in many specialized fields.

A law student had a stiff course, with little time for extra-curricular activities, but Lawyer Cawthorne did not think it would be possible to cut the course down. He maintained that the knowledge of a lawyer must have depth and width.

Subjects like psychology and philosophy, now included in the honor law course, he considered essential. "Any lawyer who doesn't understand psychology might just as well quit." Such an understanding need not necessarily be obtained from a university course, but was obligatory whatever the source.

For the student of limited means, the shortest and therefore cheapest road to becoming a lawyer is to graduate from high school, apprentice himself to an office, and then

last year, exchanges of staff were carried out in the Department of Geological Sciences and in the Department of English with the University of Michigan; and with Western Reserve University in the Department of English.

go to Osgoode for the necessary three years. The earnings may be very small, Mr. Cawthorne pointed out, but valuable experience is being gained and heavy college expenses avoided.

When a graduate is starting out on his own, a period of apprenticeship in a good law office was preferable to setting up his own office. He would benefit from association. Which office should he choose? A general office was best, to enable him to look over all aspects of law and give him time to choose among criminal, company, municipal, commercial, and the other branches of law. Corporation and company work is generally regarded as the most remunerative field, Mr. Cawthorne remarked.

Is it a good idea for a young lawyer leaving Osgoode to head for a small town to get a start? That is Toronto, was the advice on this point, where half of Ontario's best lawyers are to be found.

Hoolihan & Hay
Score Parliament
'Futile Quibbling'

Both the CCF and Progressive Conservative Clubs took the opportunity of private business time at the last Mock Parliament to put on record their views of the News-letter circulated to all members of the Liberal Club.

"The letter in question pointed out that the CCF had not as yet announced a resolution, but that whatever it was the Liberals must oppose it," said CCF President Harvey Hay in an interview.

"In other words, if the resolution had been on whether Mackenzie King's parents were married, they would have opposed it."

He told the House that the Newsletter from the "Honorable Member Opposite" held that all followers need only appear by five-thirty—that is, in time to vote.

The Speaker agreed with his criticism. The Liberals were silent.

This letter boasted that the

(Continued on Page 8)

College Choruses

By Harriet Ezra

SOCIAL . . . St. Hilda's Sophomore-Junior-Senior Dance and the Whitney Hall Formal are things of the past—but memories linger on. Twice a year on the occasion of a dance, comes a revolutionary relaxation of residence rules. It must be conceded that the regulations governing the use of the girls' rooms as sitting-rooms are fairly generous at St. Hilda's. Casual dates; door open; going steady; door at 45 degree angle; engaged; door closed. There were some changes made at Whitney Hall this year. "Sitting out" was done in the corridors and the library.

CONFUSED! . . . Concerning the rigid rules of Loretto College residences, Loretto coeds had some mystifying things to say. One girl happily revealed, "Monday is the day when we have no week-end." Added, "It's really very generous." Another sadly misquoted club chairman and explained the "closed night" regulation. "On Monday night the head girl of the house (she also keeps law and order at meal-times) sees that the lights are

out and the girls get to sleep by 11." She continued enthusiastically, "I feel wonderful on Tuesday. I'm so full!" . . . and hours of "sitting out" about it. "Closed night" blessing, adjacent zeal was displayed when the girls were questioned about the other rules of the house. With great clamour and insistence the Loretto coeds earnestly maintained, "They're really very good."

CAPERING COEDS . . . A notice in the Varsity, a few weeks ago, explained that due to the scarcity of women, the first meeting of Group 2, Social Dancing, would be postponed a week. The Varsity asked, "By the way, what's wrong with our women?" The answer is obvious. They can all dance.

THIRSTY? . . . Any similarity between St. Hilda's Episkopan and Trinity's is purely coincidental. The Episkopan (only days away) is far the betterment—and entertainment—of those participating. People hand in little comments about one another to an elected Father Episkopan, who solemnly reads aloud the contributions to an anxious gathering. At St. Hilda's, refreshments consist of cookies and exclaimations. Trinity's set-up is slightly different. The affair is open to the entire college. It is very long, beer is served, and the Episkopan usually turns into a brawl.

Rugby Queen

Just A Silver-Plated Baton
To Twirl For The Kiddies

With a silver-plated baton over the fireplace and a book on baton-twirling in the fire, Majorie Dun winds up three years in front of the Blue and White Band.

The baton is to be presented at the Band party next Monday—apparently they liked following Majorie. The book, given to her by band-leader Bob Cringan three years ago, was one of the things that started it all.

Queen's Park

Livens Assembly
New Opposition

When the new legislature at Queen's Park opened, the Progressive-Conservative majority had been reduced to 14. There was a hope that there would be stronger opposition than before.

As the first real working week of the Assembly concluded, this hope had been realized to some extent. However, the Government still has an easy time of it. Even though the CCF are now the official Opposition, and are certainly much louder and quicker than the Liberals were in the last Legislature, they still haven't a leader who is worthy of the name.

The CCF group on Opening day, and the Labor-Progressive group (2 members) on the next day, put the Liberals to scorn by introducing a great number of Private Members' Bills that have been heard in the Assembly for some time past.

One of the CCF bills was seconded by the youngest MLA to sit in the Assembly, last year's President of the University CCF Club Mr. Reid Scott of Beaches. Scott seconded the "Fume Controls Act".

As yet, young Scott has said next to nothing in the Assembly, but everyone in the chamber wishes him well, and some are looking forward to seeing how he will conduct himself on his first major speech. If Scott's speaking ability is as good in the Provincial House as it is said to be in University Mock Parliament, the House should be in for a surprise.

The two Labor-Progressive members play the role of major case-study, and at times are the only effective opposition. The priceless remark of Mr. MacLeod's in comparing Mr. Drew and Mr. Kennedy to "Arenic and Old Lady" is still reverberating around the corridors.

In speaking of the Premier, "Col. Tom" still confounds his enemies by being always complimentary to them, and the Opposition groups are still not used to it. It should not, however, be thought that Mr. Kennedy is a simple fellow whose only claim to fame is that of dismissing his opponents by praising them.

The Premier is an experienced and able Parliamentarian and politician with a shrewd and sharp mind behind that ugly but likeable exterior. He knows where he is going, and how he is going, and Government policies reflect this.

Before the came to Varsity, Majorie had just one try at being a drum majorette. Her high school, Globe College, decided to try out the idea as a for-it-radical innovation. The reaction was favorable. It was so favorable that Majorie was mobbed on the field, and Globe went back to a baton-led band.

It took some coaxing to persuade her to have a second try when she came to Toronto. She found herself fixed up with a uniform before she knew what was happening.

Somehow, the SAC, which was looking for a stick artist, got hold of a photograph. Bob Cringan promptly came to Whitney Hall in search of Majorie, all ready with a long sales talk. Majorie said No.

The No made no difference to Bob. He provided book and uniform in short order, and Varsity had a drum majorette.

There were long practices at the Stadium with the band, and Whitney halls were roomy enough for extra practice. She even practised in her room. "But we still have a few lumps," says her room-mate, Audrey May, Argos' majorette, was on hand with a few pointers at the beginning.

In first year, Majorie had nightmares about dropping the baton in the middle of a complicated manoeuvre. Then one day she did drop it, and found that the accident caused no loss of sang-froid at all.

Did she find that thousands of people were looking at her make her nervous? "Not at all—I'm never nervous once the music starts. But before the games it's bad," replied Majorie.

This year, the blue band has had two majorettes at practice. Sielma McCord, P. & H.E. who is to take over Majorie's job next year, has been getting in training.

Except for the one over the fireplace, there are no batons in Majorie Dun's future. When she graduates this year, she would like to work in the Department of Extra Activities.

Return Trip

The traveller was relating some of his adventures.

"On one occasion," he said, "I was on a ranch in Argentina, and quite unarmed, when to my horror a wild steer charged me. There was a tree about thirty yards away; I dashed towards it and jumped for its lowest branch, about fifteen feet from the ground."

"Did you reach it?" asked a listener, at the traveller paused for breath.

"It missed it going up," he said, "but caught it coming down!"

DALTON

Engineering and Construction Company
LIMITED

251 QUEEN STREET E.

TELEPHONE WA. 0606

KATE J. NICOL

FOR MUCH OR LITTLE NEED OF
FOUNDATIONS, YOU WOULD DO WELL TO
LET OUR EXPERIENCED CORSETTIERS
HELP YOU

SURPRISINGLY GOOD SERVICE
MODERATE PRICES

COMBINATIONS

\$6.50, \$10.00, \$12.50, \$24.50

GIRDLES

\$4.95, \$6.50, \$8.50

PULL ONS

\$2.50 up to \$5.00

BRAS

89c, \$1.25 to \$4.00

NYLON HOSE

Regular Price

42s \$1.40, 45s \$1.65, 51s \$1.85

CREPE Hose . . . \$1.50

LISLE . . . \$1.25

NYLON Subs99

LINGERIE

Vests, each . . . \$1.00

KAYSER SNUGGIES.

RAYON PANTIES

White, M. & L., Reg. \$1.50 for . . . \$1.19

KAYSER BRIEFS, S, M., L.65

WOOLNOUGH SHOP

KATE J. NICOL

578 Yonge St.

RA. 2928

(at Wellesley)

Varsity Downs Rivals Cops Coveted Classic

Saturday evening saw the presentation in Hart House Theatre of the 1948-49 Inter-Varsity Drama Festival with the Universities of McMaster, Western and Toronto participating.

McMaster University presentation of Charles Cauley's "Benedict", a play dealing with the emotional conflict of an escaped lunatic who commits murder in the vain attempt to gain the love of a woman. The choice of this play was unfortunate, since the combination of English dialect and a set of most implausible characters made it extremely difficult for the cast to give an adequate interpretation. The production as a whole was smooth, and the set itself most effective, portraying effectively the atmosphere of decayed gentility. But it was a pity that the director transposed the locale of the play from England to Canada, since both he and the cast were unable to sustain the transposition.

In a better-than-average cast Jane Hildebrand stood out as Mrs. Carroll, the landlady, although she, in common with the other members of the cast, showed as the puritanical laughter given by contrast. In contrast, "Overland" by Robertson Davies, as presented by the University of Toronto, showed all the signs of careful production. Here was a play full of rollicking good humor and homespun philosophy, built around the conflict between an older woman who longs for culture in the form of a broadacre opera, and his daughter, a middle-aged, shrewish woman, preoccupied with the domination of the proceeds of the farmer's matured insurance policy. The set, depicting a Canadian farmhouse kitchen, was realistic and impressive, while the direction, in the capable hands of Donald Davis, was sensitive, intelligent and sure. In the lead role of Pop, John Walker gave an outstanding performance by more ably simulating portraiture in the idiosyncrasies of old age without losing any of the charming subtlety of the role. Edith Greenberg as the puritanical laughter gave a admirable support, and completely established the narrow-minded nature of Pop's daughter. The radio voice provided by Eric Hovine and Sheila Craig added to the value of the over-all production.

The University of Western Ontario's presentation of "The Coiner" by Bernard Shaw, completed the evening's entertainment. This play is set in Ireland during the nineteenth century, and the use of Irish brogue is of implicit importance. Unfortunately, the cast was unable to sustain the dialect, one member not even attempting it. As whole the production was good, and the set was effective in its plainness. William Langford's direction showed careful thought, but more attention might have been given to the lighting, with intervals forced actors to play overlong periods in complete obscurity. In the lead role, as the wily conman, Wally McKelvey gave a sensitive and sensitive interpretation. He would be victim, James Canatt, was well portrayed by Pat West. In a bit part as the Police Sergeant, Martin Connor turned in a good performance. To sum up, one feels that had a play not involving much of the difficult dialect been chosen, this east would have achieved much greater success.

To complete the evening Miss Margaret Ashwell and Mr. G. Bagnani gave an interesting and competent adjudication. "Overland", as presented by the University of Toronto, was judged to be the best overall production. Wally McKelvey, Tom McClippin and the University of Western Ontario's "The Coiner" the best actor; and Edith Greenberg as Ethel in the University of Toronto's "Overland" the best actress.

As a whole the effort put into the first play was most creditable. The actors themselves, and the executive of the Western Conference of the Inter-Varsity Drama League are to be commended for their production of University drama.

A. J. S.

Chloe, Plus Sprightly Songs Make 'Saints' Refreshing Hit

"The authors refuse to admit that this musical comedy is based upon Campfire life; they believe that Campfire life is based upon musical comedy," wrote Ron Bryden and Keith MacMillan of their brain-child, Saints Alive.

And in verse: "Will someone turn up naked at a formal? Will someone bring a horse to French three-A? The way we see it anything abnormal is normal on a normal campus to-day."

Bang in the middle of "Diary Time" in the garden of St. Gilda's College, Chloe hits the campus. Diary time, according to the dean's epistles for me all that is most precious and fragrant in this our college. Chloe epitomized, for all the Live Saints, everything that is least gracious and least fragrant—the short, the rough-n-rindy North Country.

But Chloe made a convey, with—oh, how horribly unintellectual—a thick and sizzling steak. Daphna Montecore, editor of the Review, was the hero of the college. His angle: "Acquire some patter on Spirit and Matter."

Dr. Marx-Christian strife. And to really rate, you must cultivate the Tragic Sense of Life! "What do I say, who know?"

Some day They may matter of even you: "Why, there goes the executive, ex-terminator of the Review!"

But in a choice between steak and the tragic morn, Chloe and the steak won out.

Full the subtle machinations of the lordly head of the College to obstruct the path of true love. Even though she succeeded in ruling segregation of St. Gilda's women and the men of Quinquagesima College, it couldn't last. As the men sang, when they burst into a St. Gilda's debate, disguised as girls: Does an oyster have a love-life? Does this passion in a clam?

Does a winkle never twinkle? Does it never give a damn? We're no different in St. Gilda's From the creatures of the sea! If an oyster has a love life, Why shouldn't we?

Mortgages due, threatened expulsions, thickening of the plot... intertwined with the gay and sparkling songs build up to a climax and then unwind leaving Chloe in the arms of her long lost mother—the dean of women.

Saints Alive is an isolated example of imaginative musical comedy produced by university students. Too often they are content with high-school calibre entertainment. In the words of Colin Sabiston of the Globe and Mail:

"I fear most the spreading out of mediocrity. It is more dangerous than wars, depressions, and pestilence because it includes all of these and more evils besides. It is for this reason that my liking of such work as I saw in Saints Alive goes beyond enthusiasm to become a passion."

well for the ability of the director and cast.

G. S. K.

The Robin Godfrey Plays: Of, By, And For Students

Robin Godfrey—Varsity Student

At the beginning of the last decade, a University College undergraduate named Robin Godfrey was starring in Hart House plays. Acting was second nature to him, and when he transferred to Osyrdale Hall, following in the legal footsteps of his father and brother, he kept on with it.

The year he was called to the bar, 1937, he played a lead in the Dominion Drama Festival staged at Hart House. He went into radio, and at one time was making five broadcasts a week over the trans-Canada network of CBC. And all this time he was a practicing lawyer.

In 1939 came the war, and in 1940 Robin Godfrey joined the RCAF. He was posted to Scotland, a Pilot Officer. In 1942 Robin Godfrey met death in a flying accident. A career of drama had come to a dramatic end.

It is in memory of her son that Mrs. Godfrey has presented to his college an annual award of \$50 for the best one-act play to be written by an undergraduate. This is one of the very few awards designed to encourage playwrights in Canada—a practical first step towards the establishment of a Canadian theatre.

On Thursday, February 10, the University College Players' Guild presented the three prize-winning Robin Godfrey plays of 1948-49. The all round standard attained was high and the attendance gratifying. The number of plays had increased considerably with a little prior publicity and a prompt start.

"Double Engagement" by Hugh Shaw, appearing first on the programme, was the second prize winner. Well written, but on a rather hackneyed theme, it dwelt upon the predicament of the commander of an airfield in England during the war, faced with having to send his only son on an almost suicidal mission.

This melange of duty and paternal affection was further complicated by the fact that his son was to be married the following day. The climax at the end of the first scene in a scene rendered the other two scenes redundant, but by keeping the mother in complete ignorance of her son's fate and of her husband's dilemma, throughout the whole play, the author sought to a certain extent in mitigating this situation.

"Double Engagement" was competently directed by Alvin Shaw, who also gave a very good performance as the father. His appreciation of the leading role was sensitive and intelligent. Even Scott as the girl, gave a good adequate performance, but appeared to lack that maturity in advance of years, which active service inevitably thrusts upon a young man.

Janice Johnson as his fiancée, while possessing the necessary vivacity of her role, yet did not make the most of her lines. The mother was played by Pat Orange, who succeeded admirably in contrasting her light-heartedness in contrasting the heart-break of her husband while she was the girl, and her awaiting the outcome of the mission. Douglas Mallory and John Ruch were also featured.

On the whole, "Double Engagement" while quite well performed, would, we feel, make slightly better reading.

In second position appeared "Romance" the first prize winning play, written by Alec Dixon. In humorous vein, it dealt with the vicissitudes of a family of modest means who, while winning a radio quiz contest and their subsequent mortification upon finding the award invalid.

This, under the circumstances, was anything but a funny ending, even if a convenient one, but the audience was deceived from any mind disturbing thought by the very capable direction of Sheila Gray, to whom much of the credit for the success of this play is due.

The chief criticism of this play is the way in which it was blatantly overacted, and in this respect Wally McKelvey was the main offender. Murray Cohl gave an engaging performance as the precocious son, and

And in verse: "Will someone turn up naked at a formal?"

Will someone bring a horse to French three-A?

The way we see it anything abnormal is normal on a normal campus to-day."

Bang in the middle of "Diary Time" in the garden of St. Gilda's College, Chloe hits the campus. Diary time, according to the dean's epistles for me all that is most precious and fragrant in this our college. Chloe epitomized, for all the Live Saints, everything that is least gracious and least fragrant—the short, the rough-n-rindy North Country.

But Chloe made a convey, with—oh, how horribly unintellectual—a thick and sizzling steak. Daphna Montecore, editor of the Review, was the hero of the college. His angle: "Acquire some patter on Spirit and Matter."

Dr. Marx-Christian strife. And to really rate, you must cultivate the Tragic Sense of Life! "What do I say, who know?"

Some day They may matter of even you: "Why, there goes the executive, ex-terminator of the Review!"

But in a choice between steak and the tragic morn, Chloe and the steak won out.

Full the subtle machinations of the lordly head of the College to obstruct the path of true love. Even though she succeeded in ruling segregation of St. Gilda's women and the men of Quinquagesima College, it couldn't last. As the men sang, when they burst into a St. Gilda's debate, disguised as girls: Does an oyster have a love-life? Does this passion in a clam?

Does a winkle never twinkle? Does it never give a damn? We're no different in St. Gilda's From the creatures of the sea! If an oyster has a love life, Why shouldn't we?

Mortgages due, threatened expulsions, thickening of the plot... intertwined with the gay and sparkling songs build up to a climax and then unwind leaving Chloe in the arms of her long lost mother—the dean of women.

Saints Alive is an isolated example of imaginative musical comedy produced by university students. Too often they are content with high-school calibre entertainment. In the words of Colin Sabiston of the Globe and Mail:

"I fear most the spreading out of mediocrity. It is more dangerous than wars, depressions, and pestilence because it includes all of these and more evils besides. It is for this reason that my liking of such work as I saw in Saints Alive goes beyond enthusiasm to become a passion."

well for the ability of the director and cast.

G. S. K.

Why? I haven't got a worry in the world!



BUYER'S MARKET? Increased costs? Dwindling profits? No, that's what my computer worries about—not me! I've never been in better shape! Sure, it took planning. But the plan works. The new sales incentive system certainly steps up the order. Our streamlined inventory control works like a charm. But, brother—here's what surprised me—this new inventory system—this Executive!

I never realized it, but the big bottleneck around here was... well! Worked like a slave, but I never could clear my desk. There weren't enough hours in the day. And when I think of the time I wasted—my own and everybody else's—I shudder!

Now, everything's coordinated. What executive can reach anybody instantly. Keep people at their desks, instead of at mine. Move things along, get work done. Keep my phone free for important outside calls. And all this pays off. By 4 o'clock, I'm through. I'm free to "think at the policy level"...

Take it from me—don't be a warrior. And don't be a bottleneck. Look into this Executive!

Executive Systems Limited

COMMUNICATION AND SOUND SYSTEMS

EXECUTONE SYSTEMS LIMITED

331 Bantley Avenue, Toronto, Ontario

Without obligation let me have:

☐ A Look at Executive in my office.

☐ New booklet "How to Solve Communication Problems"

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

PROV.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

High quality food and low calibre prices

The New ..Vienna..

Huron & Harbord Streets

Hand Reading A Tory Substitute?

By Hugh Shaw

Readers of this column may know that we have been the recipients of hand-reading, though somewhat misguided, publicity. The Campus Cat, for instance, smacking strongly of a graduate student we know, licensed widespread to good old fashioned economics—rather ruefully, we thought. Possibly he took a searching look at his clammy little palm, and wrote a strident letter home, condemning his parents for not knowing any palmistry, and permitting him to go into the commercial course.

And then there is the dear old L.P.P. We, really, are deeply grateful for a delightful little feoff that they circulated the other day. The resultant publicity was enormous, but while THE REPORTER'S advertising rate is very low—it's really not as low as that yet!

Of course, we all know that the L.P.P. are politically alert—very commendable, this—but even the most hardened political economist must have shuddered convulsively at the smooth and deceptively naive manner in which they associated palmistry with politics. One feels they have attained the impossible in this respect. We do not have a copy of the leaflet to hand—something got wet—but if our memory serves us palmistry was dubbed "The Tory substitute for social science." This is rather unlikely really to all concerned, not forgetting the ancient Greeks and Egyptians, who practiced palmistry before the Tories ever came to gleam in their daddy's eye. But then the L.P.P. are not very kind people.

Incidentally, one of the amusing things about this hand-reading business is the way in which people scoff at you in public, but the instant you are alone, out comes their hand, together with an earnest request to read it! Maybe there's a moral here, I'm not sure; but in any event, it has brought us back to palmistry again, which, after all, is what this column is about.

Last time, we said we would start with the Head Line. But since, with this issue, we are going into hibernation until next term, I feel it would be unwise to start this complicated subject unless we can follow it all the way through without such tireless interruptions as exams and the annual vacation to distract us. So I'm going to take this opportunity instead to further whet your appetites, and win more converts, by telling you a true and authenticated story. To me, it constitutes unanswerable proof of the validity of palmistry, when practiced by a master.

It all began in 1899, when a celebrated palmist, who practiced under the pseudonym of Clelio, was summoned to the War Office in Great Britain by certain officers with an ill-conceived notion of how their working hours should be spent. Presently, an Irish officer, Major Kitchener, asked to have his hand read. Major Kitchener at that time was an obscure Regular Army Officer, with every indication pointing to the fact he would remain an equally obscure colonel in a dozen years as he had thousands of others before him. Clelio, therefore, provoked considerable amusement when he told him that there was indisputable evidence to prove that he would have an illustrious career to the very top of his profession, and that the following year he would have thrust upon him such responsibility as had never before been afforded any one man.

This of course is exactly what happened, for soon after this outbreak of war, Field Marshal Lord Kitchener was created Chief of Staff at the War Office.

Looking back, Clelio admitted that he had no idea, then or subsequently, of the fabled nature of the "responsibility."

However, he did not stop at this point, but after enquiring whether Kitchener wanted to know all that was to be seen, and receiving an affirmative answer, he told him that two years after attaining this "responsibility," he would meet death by drowning. This pronouncement not amply failed to provoke laughter, although Kitchener, ostensibly amused, pointed out that he was an Army man, hated the sea, had never yet been on the sea, and certainly never wanted to go on it.

Clelio, however, was adamant, and Kitchener so deeply moved that he was prompted to tell Clelio that if at any time his forecast came true, he would send him a sign.

Seventeen years passed; Kitchener achieved the highest rank in the Army, followed by his appointment to the Head of the War Office, and on a dark night at the very height of the war, went down with the cruiser on which he was crossing to France. And that same night a crest of Ireland, elaborately painted on glass and hung in Clelio's dining room, inexplicably crashed to the ground and was shattered.

It was not until the following day that Clelio remembered Major Kitchener's promise, and realized that he had kept it.

One feels tempted to agree with Hamlet when he says:

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,

"Rough-hew them how we will."

Where's My Hat? —It's on Your Head!

Not long ago a Varsity student went to the University Library in search of the July, 1944 issue of an economics periodical.

Since he prefers, for obvious reasons, to remain anonymous, a pseudonym will be used: Scatterling.

Mr. Scatterling searched the stacks for his periodical for fully half an hour. At length he sought help from a librarian.

"I can't seem to find this anywhere. Has someone taken it out?" The librarian leafed through piles of paper slips. "Oh, yes, a gentleman named Scatterling has it right now."

Mr. Scatterling grabbed for his wood-grained wits in time to mutter: "I see... perhaps... I'm sure I can get it from him."

The Rascal

After the week-end guest had departed, the hostess was tidying up. There, she exclaimed in disgust, "I know this friend of yours wasn't to be trusted. I've just counted the towels and one of them is missing."

"Was it a good one?" asked hubby anxiously.

"The best we had! It was the one with 'Grand Palace Hotel' woven in it."

Sympathiser

A motorcycle cop stopped a car and pulled out his sunburn book. "I clocked you at 45, mister," he said. The lady in the back seat cackled gleefully. "Just you give him a ticket, officer. Serve him right. I've told him for years he's a reckless, dangerous driver!"

"Your wife?" queried the cop, and when the driver nodded glumly, he snapped the summons book shut and added, "Drive on, brother."

Once Worshipped But Ignored Now

The largest meteorite in Canada, obtained from Saskatchewan Indians in 1896, has been kept almost unnoticed in Victoria College for more than 30 years.

Students of other colleges might find it worth a trip over some time, to see it sitting in rather lonely splendour in the corridor of the second floor. A neatly-framed sign behind it will tell you most of the details you would want to know: its impressive weight of 386 pounds, and all the things that go to make it what it is.

They say it was venerated by the Indians as a god fallen from the sky, a god with somewhat blood-thirsty instincts. They were always ready to make an offering to it before they set out to hunt or to fight.

Then again, their healthy respect for it might spring from the fact that it seemed to have the unpleasant habit of attracting lightning. But far from being glad to be rid of it when the paleface took it away, they missed it as some people miss so aching tooth. Moreover, its disappearance coincided with the disappearance of the buffalo from the plains.

So this fragment of a planet left its original landing place. It is easy to see David McDougall dutifully carrying out his father's orders by removing the meteorite from its hill near Iron Creek in Saskatchewan.

In found its way to the Methodist Mission Rooms in Toronto and eventually into Victoria University. Look hard at it and you will see the resemblance to a bead, which the Indians saw. Look harder and you might see the faintest traces of what an undergraduate has studied out his cigarette. What price antiquity?

Honesty

If you had 200 umbrellas, and every rain-fall, you found one to any person who might walk in and ask for one, leaving a name and address—how many would you have left after six months?

A women's apparel shop in a big city which had been doing just such lending for about half a century as part of the store's service, offers an interesting answer. After six months, a census of the umbrellas stock showed: umbrellas on hand 197; storm casualties, 1; swapped 2; new accounts opened, many.

It Happens All The Time But This Story Ends Happily

A few nights ago, at a Folk Festival at Convention Hall, Merle Matsumi danced with a Japanese dance group which contributed their services in conjunction with Brotherhood Week. She got a warm reception.

Two years ago, Merle stepped off the train in Toronto's Union Station, with the first Japanese majority group to leave Vancouver. Along with her friends, she got a far from warm reception.

The first thing Merle had to do was find a room, and this she immediately set about trying to do. Wandering down McCaul Street, a "For Rent" sign in the window of a house caught her eye. She went up to the house, knocked, didn't say a word,

and had a door shut in her face.

The young Japanese-Canadian continued walking down McCaul, still looking for a room. She noticed another sign in a window, approached, and had another door slammed in her face. Merle got the same "friendly" welcome from four Canadian homes on McCaul Street. After much walking and many discouragements, she finally succeeded in finding a room.

Next, it was necessary to get a job. A sign up for help, outside the building, attracted the job-hunter to a machinery factory at Spadina and King. A friend was with Merle, and the two of them entered the factory. They told their names, stated their experience, and were surprised to hear the manager say the job was already filled. Why was the sign still up? They hadn't got around to taking it down.

The following day the "Help Wanted" sign was still up. Another young Japanese girl, a friend of Merle's, went into the factory to apply for the job, and was informed that the job was filled. The next day—and the next—dozens of girls went in and were told the same story—"We just forgot to take the sign down."

The manager's pretence at an answer didn't ring true. As Merle put it, "It kind of hit me."

Fortunately, Merle's story has taken a turn for the better. In the last two years, many more Japanese have come to Toronto from Vancouver, and all along they have been receiving a warmer reception than in the first group's case. Merle believes that people's attitudes have changed as they have become better acquainted with her people and their customs. Two years ago, there were very few Japanese in Toronto, and Torontonians did not get to know them. Now, the Japanese newspapers get all kinds of advertisements for help in factories, and for rooms to rent, among other things.

That's why this young Canadian Japanese girl really believes that Brotherhood Week is "a wonderful idea." "I think it will do some good, getting all the nationalities together." We think so too.

Funds Below Par ISS Plans Go On

The plan to bring eight Displaced Persons from Europe to study at Toronto University will be probably achieved through, in spite of the fact that not even the minimum objective of the ISS campaign was achieved, said Warren Goldring, chairman of the University ISS Committee, last week.

Although a \$10,000 objective was set, the Committee had placed the minimum requirement at \$7,500. "But even when the faculty census was completed, returns had not hit \$5,000," reported Chairman Goldring.

This would have amounted to a contribution of approximately 47 cents per student.

The ISS campaign will be held in the fall next year, and in this way it may be possible to cover costs. The funds have to cover shoes for Hungarian students, and a Bombay refugee hostel, as well as relief for French students.

"There's more at stake than boots and shoes," Goldring emphasized. "It's playing with fires—and wars."

The Department of University Extension instructs more than 10,000 people in a hundred different subjects, and it is still growing.

This year a new program for graduate engineers has been started, including a course in mathematics and another in administration.

Talk Your Insurance Problems Over With

CHARLES E. REA, LTD.

THE DEPARTMENT STORE OF INSURANCE

182 Bloor St. W. — MI. 0961 — Toronto

Gondola Gal

By Pete Wilkes

Maybe we should change the name of this column. For one thing, all the people who didn't read it of a hundred years ago—plus one—for an athletic fee. Multiplying this by getting farther away from gondolas—both of the kind the sports scribes hang out in and the kind they use for necking in Venice—all the time.

When Joe College comes to college in the fall, he finds himself being gently teased from a quarter of a hundred years ago—plus one—for an athletic fee. Multiplying this by getting farther away from gondolas—both of the kind the sports scribes hang out in and the kind they use for necking in Venice—all the time.

No one absconds with it—as far as we know. It's not easy to see just what is done with it. It looks as if it should be enough to fit out Joe College when he wants to take part in intramural sports, or just when he feels that athletic urge coming on.

But . . . last fall the Athletic Society supplied two footballs which looked like watermelons attacked by fungus, for use outside intramural competition. Some intramural teams did little better. Equipment which would cause any self-respecting high-school coach to head for the nearest incinerator is inflicted on poor Joe College.

More than equipment may be inflated. Cleats in poor condition can cause severe ankle or knee sprains. Poor shoulder pads result in broken collar bones. Inadequate gloves in hockey can lead to broken fingers.

It could be that the money which should be used for safe equipment, to prevent injuries, is having to be used to pay Joe's hospitalization costs.

That quarter of a hundred doesn't appear to be spread around among the faculties, either. It's a funny thing, but University College in particular seems to be more adequately equipped. Is it more dangerous to play for a U.C. team? UC would say it's more dangerous to play against one.

But seriously, each year needless injuries occur and we continue to occur until some means is found to provide decent protective equipment for sports entailing bodily contact.

It's tough for Joe, who's writing examinations with an arm in a cast or a leg in a sling.

The boys who struggle to promote intramural sports have another beef as well. Professors have plenty of aesthetic appreciation, but they're a little lacking in athletic appreciation. They don't realize the benefit that would accrue to Joe if he could be out in the clean fresh air more.

An hour between lectures is enough for an excursion into the smoke-filled atmosphere of the KCR. It's not enough for a hockey practice—that takes some juggling. It all depends on your point of view, but the sportsmen feel they could use more cooperation.

Not practically back in the gondola, but at least looking at the ice. We recall the unerring audience one of the UC girls' hockey teams had at a practice in the Arena a week ago. It seems the Leafs, too, were out to practice that fine February morning.

They congregated on the sidelines and shouted encouragement. "Go on, shoot!" or "Get up and skate!" or, as a player fought valiantly to make the length of the ice on her feet, "Keep it up—you'll get there!"

Too bad it wasn't the Varsity All-Stars who were practicing—the Leaf players might have been more impressed.

No Wheatees Needed

Miss Toronto Enthusiastic 'Defendo Good For All Girls'

"Kicking and scratching are a trifle insufficient when it comes to defending yourself, Try Defendo." Diddy Ferriman's advice to members of her sex.

Miss Ferriman is one of a group of potential amazons being coached in the many art of self-defence by versatile Bill Underwood. Underwood's coaching has covered a wide variety of people, ranging from army personnel during the wars and the Toronto Police Force to Powers models.

"It used to be that only men—usually the police force—were trained in Defendo methods," said Defendito Ferriman. "Now people take it seriously now, and don't consider it 'unladylike.' It's just sensible."

This seemed to be proved by the audience reaction at Hart House to the display put on several weeks ago. The male audience was amazed that a girl could do it, rather than that she would do it.

For the Hart House exhibition, Miss Ferriman wore shorts—her usual Defendo costume—and high-heeled shoes. At night on a dark street I'd be wearing high heels, and the whole purpose of Defendo is self-defence against the unexpected.

At Hart House, she demonstrated how to combat a "crotch-hold" (especially from a prone position), and a "triangle-hold" (used by all types who sneak up from behind). She can also stop an assailant with a club, or a purse-matcher. Miss Ferriman regards herself as a beginner, since she has been at it for only a few months. She says, however, that Defendo is not too difficult to learn.

Cnash Underwood plans to expand his school, and to make movie shorts on the subject. Nine-year-old Defendo—distinct from Judo and Judo—is the coming thing. In Miss Ferriman's words, "with Toronto full of gangs, juveniles and other stuff, it should be mighty useful."

Diddy Ferriman is this year's Miss Toronto and her job is taking photographs in a nightclub. That has nothing to do with it—Defendo is a hobby.

The first electron microscope in North America was constructed by University of Toronto physicists two years ago, and now occupies an honoured niche in the University's Physics laboratories.

Reporter Sports

McGILL TRIP UNSUCCESSFUL—SKIERS SEE ROSIER FUTURE

Score High, Morale Even Higher For Varsity's Water-Polo Team

The Varsity water polo team was almost as surprised as the Hamilton Olympic Club at the seven to four margin for Varsity at Saturday night's Hart House game. The Hamilton Club has generally been conceded to have the Dominion championship in the bag.

"We expected them to swim us right out of the pool," expressed Norm Mortimer, right forward for the combined Varsity Junior and intermediate team.

The galleries of Hart House pool were packed by many first-nighters to water polo. The unusually wide-open game, minus the ordinary close checking made it a lively game for the spectators.

The Varsity players after the game were heard to complain of considerable fouling. In fact one player had to leave the pool to repair a torn swimming suit. One major penalty was handed out, by a much harried referee.

Larry Rosen, rover for the Blues, made a spectacular goal by swimming the shot through the tank and looping a shot with his left hand over the goal's head.

Water polo is about the most tiring of competitive sports. The Varsity team marked their win more to superior conditioning than sharp plays. Also, a smack of Hamilton's attitude toward water polo players is not present.

Next Saturday night the Varsity intercollegiate team will meet a picked inter-collegiate team.

Top UT Fencers Stage "Duel In The Gym"

A touch of Mars came to Hart House gym Saturday night. White-clothed and masked, Jack Stanborough and Norm Kellow lunged, thrust, cut and parried in a superb demonstration.

Sabre is the most spectacular of the three fencing weapons, since it allows free play. With thrust and cut, each swordman aimed for a hit on the torso, arms or head of his opponent.

"Jack and I were going a bit easy," said Norm Kellow. "In spite of the canvas clothes, a sabre cut can raise quite a welt. It's like a whip. I went in good to the shoulders looking—and feeling—like a zebra."

The four men Toronto team lost to individual honours, but they won the team competition, keeping the Charles Walters Trophy at Varsity.

Next Saturday at Hart House they will fence against Wayne University.

Last summer the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on Dr. Sidney Smith and five other Commonwealth University leaders at Cambridge.

College or Hockey? Difficult Dilemma For Ray Timgren

"I'd trade my horse and dog for you. . . ." This was Ray Timgren's position when it came in university education and hockey. He's mighty serious about the value of higher education, but he's even more serious about pro hockey.

Last year, Ray was combining a C & F course with playing for the Marlboro Juniors. With the former he was learning business methods with the latter he was using them, since he had his eye on the Maple Leafs.

The combination turned out to be not so happy a one. "It's hard to say how much time I spent on hockey," says Ray. "But when I wasn't playing it I was thinking about it."

But Ray was determined, and last fall he came back for another year at university. Until Christmas he spent his time in the corridors of Victoria College, and then came the big chance. He grabbed it, and has been playing for the Leafs ever since.

He's still trying to reconcile his two near-irreconcilable, this time by way of summer school courses. It may take a long time, but stick-happy Ray figures that he has until he's about 25 before he'll have need of it to get another job. Maybe more.

Ray was born in Windsor, and spent his first three years there. "Not that I remember much about it," in Toronto he attended Riverside Collegiate and played for their junior hockey team.

The hockey story goes back to the time he was about ten years old, when he got his first skates, and goes on from there. "Once I got started, I wanted to reach the top, naturally. I still want to," he explains.

About last Friday's game in Montreal he had just this to say: "We didn't expect to lose—we had a couple of bad breaks, and I guess we didn't play as well as we should have."

Ray doesn't go on to a limb in either words or actions. He has it all carefully calculated—stats, possibilities, and means to the end.

Western Baby Grows Up Hockey Hits Hart House

Floor hockey was born in Western Canada some twenty years ago. Last Saturday it finally reached Hart House. At the Athletic Night a few hours never played before.

The play, with a broad-handle type stick and circular hollow rubber puck, was intermixed with player huddles while the refs explained the rules. "We were just in for the laugh," explained P.H. Shepherd, P. H. E. forward. "Not until last night did we read over the rules," he added.

This only contact sport, however is not conducted by the Board of Education and the other V.A. Don Brenders, captain of the University Aces said this was because of

TEAM SEEKS UT'S ELUSIVE JUMP EXPERTS

For want of a jumper the meet was lost—this is the difficulty which has been dogging the Varsity elite team since the beginning of the year.

The team returned this week-end from the McGill Winter Carnival (by a "short cut" which got them to Toronto at four-thirty Monday morning) with a sad story.

They had not even entered for jumping cross country. And although they had on this account not been scored, the Varsity stars had trailed eighth in downhill and last in slalom.

"It was just an all-around bad week-end," commented team member Jake Howard, "but we're getting in ahead for the ISU meet at Middlebury College in Vermont next week, and we're pretty confident about that."

Howard said they hoped even to have some jumpers for next week's competition. "There are jumpers here at Varsity—Norwegian—but they're out at Ajax and so far haven't felt that they could spare the time."

The year has a jump been built at Collingwood and the university's efforts have generally been thwarted by the size of the jumps they had to face in the competitions. But Jules LePatrie has become noted on the circuit, nor for fitness so much as sheer speed.

The girls' ski team came off better at Saint-Sauveur, placing second of the four competitor teams. Parry Ellard ran third in the Women's combined slalom and downhill.

Just two years ago Billy Boech and Pete Kingsmill, double-bumper, built up a team which made a fine showing in the intermediate competitions. They are now assisting coaches for the Varsity skiers.

The Blue and White Ski Club, founded this year, is also expected to interest and train skiers. With these, and the new jump, a lot of people are determined to make a name for Toronto on the ski circuit.

They have. Ray doesn't go on to a limb in either words or actions. He has it all carefully calculated—stats, possibilities, and means to the end.

Ray doesn't go on to a limb in either words or actions. He has it all carefully calculated—stats, possibilities, and means to the end.

Ray doesn't go on to a limb in either words or actions. He has it all carefully calculated—stats, possibilities, and means to the end.

Ray doesn't go on to a limb in either words or actions. He has it all carefully calculated—stats, possibilities, and means to the end.

Ray doesn't go on to a limb in either words or actions. He has it all carefully calculated—stats, possibilities, and means to the end.

Letter Censured

(Continued from Page 4)

Liberals were the only party undefeated in the Mock Parliament, and must remain that way at all costs," said Jack Hoolahan of the PC Club.

He added that the letter was unbecoming of the House, and showed the depth to which the Parliament had fallen.

"The Mock Parliament is a complete waste of 150 man-hours," he told the Reporter, "and this is the reason why the Progressive Conservative Club has taken only nominal part in the last two sessions."

Resolutions had not been decided by debate, he said, but by the enthusiasm of each party in packing the House.

Hoolahan introduced a motion for the committee "to improve or abolish" the Mock Parliament.

Law Grads

(Continued from Page 3)

After all, felt Ferguson, Parker and St. Lawrence had been good friends. There had been no blood found on the accused, yet the body had been badly beaten, and furthermore the claim of the witness to have seen St. Lawrence running from the body was not too reasonable since it was at a distance of more than 200 feet.

With these arguments and some neat talking, Ferguson spent three days in court opposite Crown Prosecutor Gibson. As the case went on, a ray of hope began to show through for St. Lawrence.

The jury retired. Three hours later, they brought in a verdict of "not guilty."

St. Lawrence was a free man. Said Ferguson, "All I hope is that, with a break like this, he'll make good use of his life."

Now that the case is over, Ferguson is still worried. "I'm getting married in the spring," he said. "Then who'll do all the talking?"

Ajax Coeds

(Continued from Page 1)

An interview with Ajax coeds wouldn't be complete without a word about the famous Skule sense of humor. "We like it," admitted Miss Gardiner. "Come do and some don't tone down their humor. The engineers feel that we can take their course, we can take their humor. They just usually forget, and act as if we weren't there."

Taking everything into consideration, female engineering students agree that their two years at Ajax are worthwhile from their point of view and from the male students' side. After the first few months, the girls get a feeling of belonging. They discover how easy it is to get along with men in professions which once jealously excluded women. On the other hand, the engineers quickly lose their scepticism. They get used to the idea of women entering their field, and even help them.

Whether they apply their specialized knowledge in later life or end up as an animated appendage to a dish towel, Ajax coeds will long remember the days out at Ajax when they were eight women surrounded by 1498 men.

Debating Team

(Continued from Page 1)

change of two factory workers, who are given their identical jobs on the opposite side of the Atlantic.

The ESU further sponsored the World Youth Conference in 1946 and any visiting student within its domain has only to present himself at a branch to be assured of a warm welcome and any practical assistance he may need. Office of the Canadian branch is at 169 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Present membership of 35,000 includes His Majesty the King, Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill, Mr. and Mrs. Attlee, Mary Hess, and Chancellor Vincent Massey.

It is hoped that this meeting on March 25 will mark the beginning of further cooperation between the ESU and the University of Toronto.



Whatcha Know, Joe? Nitchevo, Harry!—While newsmen and arm-chair diplomats were striving unsuccessfully to arrange a meeting between President Truman and Marshal Stalin, it was no trick at all for Paris artist Jack Karpowicz, Jack, who views the present era of "phony peace" somewhat pessimistically, made his own Truman and Stalin from papier-mache, then got them together for this striking portrait.

Parliament Mocks

(Continued from Page 1)

sive days."

The annoyed Speaker dismissed this with a remark to the effect that "The Mock Parliament was not to be bogged down in details."

Frustrated CCF leader Harvey Hay moved that the House be adjourned "until one month from this date." The Speaker called for a division and interpreted the result as "opinion the eyes have."

Up popped Stanley, leaving a name, and demanded a roll call. "Sit down!" growled Speaker Brody. Stanley sat.

At this point, Gord Milne, CCF House Leader, was given the opportunity to present "the broad general principles" behind the government's bill.

Stanley rose, slowly this time. He put forward the Opposition's amendment to the principle of cheaper education. The house was in second reading, and there was doubt as to his intention.

"This amendment is out of order," ridiculed Hay. "It asks the Government to increase expenditure."

Joyfully Stanley shot back, "This House hasn't got a red cent to spend any more."

Norm Endicott of the LPP, had just entered the House. Shucking off his overcoat, he tossed in a statement that he was against "opportunity for all that had money."

About this time Speaker Brody handed the Chair over to Jack Hoolahan. Proceedings were hurried into the vote on second reading. By that vote, the government was defeated.

Observers wondered whether the Liberal Opposition had not been tricked into defeating the principle of cheaper education, or whether they had perhaps merely been trying to maintain their record of wins in the Mock Parliament.

Political Truisms

(Continued from Page 1)

Said President Stanley: "Isn't it obvious that high-ranking party men disclose more to party members than to outsiders? Even Mr. Drew would deliver further into the mysteries of his cocktail party 'op' glasses, a Hepplewhite table or a Sheraton satinwood side table you'll find as unhelpless as any other."

Questioned on the meaning of "ministerial truisms," he suggested use of a dictionary. Any further queries were turned away with "I can't understand your question. Would you repeat the last one please?"

Ottawa Report

(Continued from Page 3)

ridiculous position the next day by two back-bench Liberals who presented an amendment to the Drew motion, calling for the consent of all provinces to any amendment. The Social Credit group voted for both proposals, while the Conservatives voted only for their own. The Liberals and CCF joined to vote against both proposals.

This session is far different from any session that has been held in Ottawa since 1935. Here, for the first time, is an Opposition which is really pressing the government sit up and take notice, and this is all for the good.

However, the remarkable feature of the whole proceeding is the way in which George Drew has completely "run the whole show."

On Tuesday last, the CCF member for Cape Breton South, Clarence Gillis, assumed the whole session up in the words, "During the debate on the speech from the throne, I said that I was disappointed that the government had permitted the leader of the opposition (Mr. Drew) to set the tone of the debate, completely ignoring anything which was in speech from the throne and saying very little about what was not in it. He decided that the issue in this house as far as the government is concerned is to be dominion-provincial rights."

Mr. Gillis, reportedly an ex-Conservative organizer himself, resented something which he considered a "last not." The Conservatives under Mr. Drew, have easily taken the initiative away from the Liberals, and are forcing them to fight a battle which is perfectly suited to Mr. Drew's tastes: Provincial Rights.

must be nearly as rare as hens' teeth by now." Miss Graham also haunts the auction rooms in inexpensive regions and hopes for the minor miracle of a genuine, undecorated, or, at least, not too much decorated, piece of glass.

She has moved to great enthusiasm from the design and style finds that old glass, silver and furniture make an absorbing study.

She considers glass particularly fascinating because, like most Australians, she had only seen rare and scattered examples of pre-Victorian glass at home, and said that "some of the eighteenth century English glass is beyond compare for beauty of shape." But to avoid being taken in by fakers you have to know something about the glass. The truly expert, "glass is a very intricate subject, and its terribly hard to be an expert on it."

She was moved to great enthusiasm by a shop she found in a steep and narrow street in Bristol. "This shop," she said, "was a treasure-house of glass, most of which would not have been seen in the famous Victoria and Albert Museum at Kensington, London."

Miss Graham, after dilating on the subject of the shop and blue glass that was made famous in Bristol in the eighteenth century, left the lovely Georgian apartment and returned to a workshop street in London—the Portobello Road. Here the junk shops scattered along its length turn out their contents on to the pavement every Saturday and "all down the sides of the road an endless string of stalls spring up, selling anything from rags of old clothing to Georgian silver. There are strange characters amongst the vendors, who struggle to sell everything they have, from worthless and battered metalware to rare finds of which they do not know the real value. It is in one of these old shops that Jane Graham found the most amazing collection of miscellaneous glass. From shelves bulging with a hotchpotch of hideous modern and Victorian glass and china she saw a collection of glass ranging from an early eighteenth century ale glass with a high folded foot to a goblet of the George IV coronation year. She had a bubble under the solid glass of the stem, and other treasures of the same period, all bought for two or three shillings because, to the unknowing dealer, they were "just glasses."

Feet Reduction

(Continued from Page 1)

Each student who has been reduced by year, \$3,000 grant. In view of this, Mr. Porter felt that the taxpayer through fire and compulsory education provides the student with the mental equipment necessary for university, appropriations beyond 58 percent seemed unreasonable.

"Students have five months of holidays, and well-paid jobs are not difficult to find now."

Of the 16,000 students at the University, a considerable proportion were just getting by. "We have no right," said Minister Porter, "to expect the taxpayer to do more for those to make the best use of higher education. \$200,000 is set aside for scholarships and bursaries."

Everyone would like to see the cost of university education go down, and agitation by students, who do not pay taxes, is natural, but practical considerations prevented the Province from advancing further aid to universities.

Treasure Hunt

Jane Graham is a young artist from Sydney in Australia who is over in Britain studying painting. In her spare time she finds it exciting to travel about London and the English countryside hunting for bargains in antique shops. She does not stop at high-class shops but goes to junk shops, stalls and markets in her search for eighteenth century treasures and tells of some wonderful "finds" she has made in England, "finds" which are the product of much diligent searching.

"England," said Miss Graham, "is a treasure-house of lovely things, especially those fashioned by artist craftsmen in the eighteenth century but if you're after—say—those fastidiously minimalist drinking glasses, a Hepplewhite table or a Sheraton satinwood side table you'll strike trouble. For even if your maths are as unhelpless as any other, you'll work out that the number of these things made in the most expensive materials of the day, and by men who put a great deal of trouble into even the smallest at-

**KEEP
YOUR ACCOUNT
AT
36 BLOOR ST. W.**

2% Paid On Deposits
Hours 9:00 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Saturdays to 12:00 Noon
Chequing Privileges

**THE TORONTO
GENERAL TRUSTS
CORPORATION**

ASSETS UNDER ADMINISTRATION \$304,000,000